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THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

High lifted on the island cliff
Its lantern fronts the sea,
And sends forth a flame, straight ray
Of dazzling light to see—
A slender line of shimmering spires
Across night's mystery.
It is the path set for my eyes
To travel to the light,
And when the darkness in the blaze,
And be made glad and bright.
How often they catch but that ray,
Or have the sea's sad sight.
And yet, a hundred other eyes
Look on that central blaze,
Find each its separate, shining path,
To line of guiding rays:
And all eyes meet in concord sweet
By all these differing ways.
No voice shall say: "The light is mine,
And others eyes are dim."
No hand the glory hold or hide
Which streams to ocean's rim,
None claim or seize one ray so his
More than belongs to him.
O light of Truth, which lighteneth all,
And shineth all around,
What favored soul shall say:
"Mine is the only road."
Each seek his own, to him made known,
And all lead up to God.
—Susan Coolidge, in N. Y. Independent.

A CARPENTER'S LUCK.

Helped to Fortune and Success by
"Mean, Miserly Silas."

"I am afraid that something has happened to old Silas Washburn," said John Dorsey, as he gazed out of his rear window. "There's been no smoke coming out of the chimney for two days. The cabin toward which he was looking was way off on the bluffs, with three miles of barren intervening, their desolation hidden just then by almost three feet of snow. Though the sun was shining, it was a stinging cold day, with enough of wind to occasionally send the snow swirling in every direction. "I expect to hear of his being found dead some morning," said Mrs. Dorsey, from the rear of the room. "Amos might go over and see what is wrong." "Rebbecca, that is just what was in my mind," replied her husband. "I'm rather stiff this morning, and Amos is so sturdy and willing, that it's best for him to go. Pack up a basket of things, dear, and do not forget to put in a box of matches. It may be that he is out of matches." Silas Washburn was sometimes called "The Hermit" and sometimes "Stingy Silas." He was well advanced in life, and had lived for many years in the cabin on the bluff. Nobody knew his history, or why he had sought such a wild, secluded spot. He avoided society, and was chary of speech. No relative ever visited him, and during those five years he had not been near the post-office. He occasionally disappeared for a day or two, but that only deepened the mystery which surrounded him. He wore very shabby clothes, and denied himself any unnecessary comforts. As he was supposed to have money, his parsimony was looked upon as simply a miserly instinct. By the time the basket was stocked with provisions and ready for the journey, Amos came in. He was a young man, both sturdy and willing, the one indicated by his strong, close-knit frame, and the other by the genial expression which shone above his somewhat homely face. He was about seventeen years old, and yet had almost mastered his father's trade, which was that of a carpenter. Just then both father and son were out of work, building operations having been suspended for the winter. In a little while his parents were watching him, as he trudged through the snow, well wrapped up, the basket in one hand and a stout stick in the other. Occasionally he walked erect, occasionally he slumped, and now and then he stopped to catch his breath, or to turn his back upon a dense gust of wind. When he reached the cabin he saw no signs of life. The window-panes were covered with frost, and a huge drift filled the doorway. He pushed through the snow and placed his hand upon the latch. To his surprise he found that the door was not barred. He pushed open the door and stepped into the room. Old Silas was not dead, neither very weak, for he called out in a loud tone: "Who is that?" "Don't you know me?" Amos asked. "It is because it is so dark in here. I am Amos." "Oh!" came back in a sort of satisfied grunt. "What brought you here?" "We didn't see you stir, and thought that something might be wrong," replied Amos. "That was thoughtful," growled old Silas, who had remained in bed for two days in order to keep warm. "You've some dry wood, haven't you?" asked Amos. "Hearty of it, my boy. But no matches." "I've brought matches," Amos said. "I'll soon have a roaring fire." In a little while the fire on the black hearth was shedding light and warmth around the room. The old man placed upon the table the food which he had brought. Old Silas watched him furtively at first, and then attentively, once or twice passing his hand over his eyes, as if stirred by some long-ago memory. Presently he crawled out of bed and put on a coat and pair of shabby list slippers. His hair was gray, but he had not lost any of it. There still was a good deal of fire in his sunken eyes, and though his face was sallow and unshaven, it was unmistakably an intelligent one. "You thought I was dead?" he asked. "We were uneasy about you," replied Amos. "You thought I was starving?" "We didn't know what might have happened to you," evaded Amos. Silas Washburn was hungry and he enjoyed the food, much to the satisfaction of Amos. He had befriended the old gentlemen on more than one occasion, but had never succeeded in penetrating his reserve. He had not even asked that he was thankful Amos thought. He took too much for granted, and his meanness had not been exaggerated. "I don't want any pay," said Amos to himself. "But I think the scrapings I have made for him deserve some appreciation." He did not know old Silas, and consequently was not just in his estimate of him. Appreciation may show itself in something more substantial than speech. The old man was reluctant and uncommunicative, but he was neither mean nor thankless. Amos found that out in a way that surprised him, and taught him to be more charitable in his decisions. One day, during the following spring, Amos was left at the house that Silas Washburn wanted to see him.

"IN IS IN THE NAME STRAIT AGAIN."

thought Amos. "He might say the thing a little, and get another pair of legs than mine to do his bidding." That was merely a mental protest, however, and so he responded to the summons. It was a rainy evening, and old Silas was seated outside of his cabin. He welcomed Amos graciously, and placed a chair for him. He was more than usually cheerful, conversed freely, and seemed to have taken a new lease of life. "How are you getting along at your trade?" he asked. "Oh, pretty fairly," replied Amos. "Haven't mastered it yet, eh?" "No, I think I never will," replied Amos dolefully. "You mean by that, I suppose, that there is always something to learn," old Silas said, keenly studying his young friend. "It is the right way of looking at it. None so wise but they may still learn. Can you make estimates?" "I am afraid not, sir. I have had no experience in that direction. Nur has father." "You wouldn't contract to build a large house?" "Goodness, no!" cried Amos, with a stare. "I'd get swamped. Do you intend to build a large house?" "No, my boy. If I did I'd make my own estimate. I'm an old contractor and builder." "Oh, you are!" exclaimed Amos, pleased to hear him say that. "I've handled operations that involved millions of dollars and never made a grave blunder. I hear they intend to build a large school-house over in the village." "Yes, Mr. Washburn. It will probably cost \$25,000." "Have they advertised for bids?" "Yes," replied Amos. "The contract is to be awarded in two weeks." Silas Washburn stared absently across the landscape, and then suddenly said: "Amos, I want you to put in a bid." It was almost like exploding a torpedo at the boy's feet. "I—put in a—bid?" he gasped. "I'd be the laughing-stock of the neighborhood." "Let those laugh who win," rejoined old Silas. "I'll help you." Amos stared keenly at his companion, as if to fathom what it all meant. "Don't look at me in that queer way," the old gentleman said, with a little chuckle. "I mean what I say. I can help you, and I will. You have been obliged to me, and I want to cancel the obligation. I was protine in my estimate. I was because that isn't my way. Get the specifications and bring them here. I'll figure on them, with a fair margin of profit. It may be the making of you." There was no mistaking the old gentleman's earnestness. He rubbed his hands together in a pleased way, and a genial glow came into his wrinkled face. "But I'll have to give security," Amos said. "Yes." "And I must have money to pay the men." "Yes. They will not work for nothing. I know mine never did." "And where am I to get the security and the money?" asked Amos. "When I said I'd help you, I meant that I would help you all the way through. I'll furnish the security and the money." Amos was almost dazed at the proposition. "As I said, it will be the making of you," continued the old man. "I will be a master builder, and that is a long stride toward wealth and preferment, for one who has a cool head and keen discernment, and I believe you have both. I've been trained to making estimates. Boys never know how closely old people read them. Get the specifications, and we will spend an evening or two in figuring on them. You are better posted than I am about the prices of labor and materials in this section." "I'm not of age," Amos hesitatingly said. "The directors may refuse to let me have the specifications." "They will at least allow you to make a copy of them. Will you try?" "Why, to be sure, sir," cried Amos, a bright light in his eyes. "It is a big chance for me, and I appreciate it. I assure you. But, are you not taking great risks?" "I am not afraid of my own judgment," Amos said. "I have great faith in you," Mr. Washburn said, a kind look in his eyes. "If I help you indirectly, it will be better than if I helped you outright; as if I handed you a sum of money. I mean, it will teach you self-reliance, and you will feel more independent, for you will be a factor in the success. If you get the contract it will be at least \$5,000 clear gain to you, a sum not to be despised by a young beginner. But there is one thing upon which I shall insist." "What is that?" asked Amos, with some misgiving. "I am to be kept in the background. I am not to be known in the transaction." "You must appear in it as my surety," he slowly said. "Not necessarily," replied old Silas, with a wise shake of his head. "I'll see to that. Now be quick and discreet. It is a very practical bit of advice." Amos, to his surprise, was allowed to copy the specifications. He was also permitted to have the drawings over night—the ground plan, and the views of the front and side elevations. "A splendid-looking structure and most excellent drawings," Mr. Washburn said, his face beaming with an old builder's enthusiasm. "A capital card for you, my boy, and I hope you will not be underwhelmed." The specifications were closely scanned, the estimates were carefully made, and a sealed bid filed with the directors of the school within the time specified in the advertisement. "I am to be kept in the background, and I want you to be open in public, and I want you to be there," old Silas said. "And speak up for yourself, should any body attempt to repress you. Come here the day before, and I'll have the securities ready." When the bids were opened Amos Dorsey's were found to be the lowest. "Who is Amos Dorsey?" asked the president of the board. "I don't know," replied one of the directors. "There is a boy living near the village by that name, but, of course, it is not he." "Mr. President, I am that boy, and I am the successful bidder," Amos said, as he rose to his feet, his voice strongly steady. Every eye was fixed upon him and an exclamation of surprise went round. A sneering look rested upon the faces of the other bidders. "Pass that bid and take up the next lowest bid," said the Director. Amos was one of the directors, and was as composed as he was confident, and rather

A COLD WAVE COMING!

See Supplement this issue for particulars.

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"WRECKERS OF HIGH PRICES."

peremptory in his manner. But the president had been impressed by Amos Dorsey's face, voice and bearing. "Excuse me, doctor," he eagerly said, "but I am not disposed to rule out the bid in such a summary manner. I take it that he is entitled to a hearing. I notice that the bid has been made out in a remarkably clear and intelligent manner." "He is a minor," remarked the doctor, in a tone which seemed to add, "and that settles it." "But his surety may not be," rejoined the president of the board. "Master Dorsey, have you security to offer?" "I propose to be my own security," replied Amos. The doctor grinned, the president's face fell, and a bitter word round for most of those present knew Amos and his father, and their impoverished circumstances. "I shall insist upon the contract being awarded to me," Amos said, with a commanding attention. He was to answer every demand. I have no sea to go my bail, but I am ready to deposit with the board United States bonds to the amount of the contract." The announcement was a fresh surprise, and a pleased twinkle came to the president's eyes. "How soon can you make that deposit?" he asked, with a look of incredulity. "How soon?" asked Amos. "Here and now, I said I was ready." He strode forward and placed a parcel on the table. The bonds were examined. They were found to be genuine and worth \$50,000. "This is satisfactory," said the president. "But," objected Dr. Hartman, "he is a minor and irresponsible, and under the law—" "Doctor," interrupted the president, "intelligent as the boy seems to be, there is some one still more intelligent back of him. I'll stake my word that all the conditions will be satisfactorily met. Somebody has trusted this boy to thousands of dollars, and we have got to have faith in him, too. I have respect for his luck, whoever he may be." The contract was awarded to Amos; the building gave entire satisfaction, and the profit to the young contractor was five thousand dollars, but the work was of far more value to him than that. It brought him into prominence; it opened the way to fortune and preferment. The latter did not make him vain, the former increased his disposition to chafe and his ability to help others, just as he had been helped. Nobody over knew that the old "hermit," "mean, miserly Silas," was the man who had befriended Amos Dorsey, the poor carpenter boy. "I'll come of my trading through the snow with food and matches," Amos often thought. "And I fancied him mean and ungrateful! Ah, one doesn't know people always!"—F. H. Stauffer, in Interior.

HISTORY OF SHOES.

Primitive Foot-Wear Was Probably Made of Woven Reeds or Skins.

Nobody knows who was the first shoemaker. There must have been a time when every body went barefooted, and the first shoes were probably made of woven reeds or skins. The original shoemaker doubtless sought comfort more than style.

The Colt, who at times wandered over moor or morass, or others over stony mountains, invented a shoe that suited his purpose exactly. A sole of heavy hides protected his feet from sharp stones, while upper or legs of lighter skins protected his ankles and legs from thorns and bushes. The skin was so constructed that the water exuded from it as soon as the foot ceased to be immersed in the modern shoe, the idea that water be kept out, not let out.

The Colt's skin was tough and elastic, and could be replaced wherever there were untanned skins at hand. Every Colt was his own shoemaker.

With the Roman conquest came the introduction into the British Isles of tanned leather, which had long been in use in Normandy, where it had been introduced by the Romans.

Shoes then began to take on style, and the styles have never been duplicated in later days. From close-fitting shoes fashion went to long, pointed toes, which, in time, grew so long that they had to be fastened to the wearer's knees.

Shoes were gorgeous affairs in the middle ages. King Richard, the Lion-hearted, had his boots stamped with gold. John Lackland, his brother, wore boots spotted with golden circles; while Henry III. wore boots checkered with golden lines, every square of which was enriched with a lion. Cardinal Welsley's shoes were of gold and silver precious.

Costing many a thousand pounds.

Sir Walter Raleigh wore shoes studded with diamonds, said to have cost £50,000. The patients in Charles II.'s time wore their high boot tops turned down to the ankles to show the gorgeous lace with which they were lined.

High-heeled boots were worn by ladies for three parts of the eighteenth century. They raised their fair wearers some inches, rendering walking difficult and running impossible.

But these fashions were confined to the rich. The poor wore shoes of wood, reeds and unadorned leather. The Englishman invented "riches and lefts" time wore their high boot tops turned down to the ankles to show the gorgeous lace with which they were lined.

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- 100 pairs women's heavy leather shoes, worth \$1.00 for 50 cents.
- 36 pairs misses kid button shoes for 50c, former price \$1.50.
- 100 pairs chil s rubber sandals for 10c former price 25 cents.
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